

The Saltus Magazine



CHRISTMAS TERM 1936

GOVERNING BODY.

HAL BUTTERFIELD, ESQ.	HEREWARD WATLINGTON, ESQ.
ELDON TRIMINGHAM, ESQ. M.C.P.	JOHN W. COX, ESQ. M.C.P.
N. BAYARD DILL, ESQ.	
Secretary-Treasurer.....	J. J. BUSHELL, ESQ., O.B.E.
Headmaster.....	R. E. E. BOOKER, M.A., M.R.S.T.

STAFF.

H. J. HALLETT, M.A.
H. RICHARDSON, B.Sc. (Econ.), F.R.G.S.
J. H. KERRY, M.A.
R. T. GORTON, B.A., B.Sc.
F. B. ROGERS, B.A.
D. C. A. GOOLDEN, B.A.
R. E. FREWEN
ROBIN TUCKER
MISS M. STEACEY

SCHOOL BURSAR.....J. H. KERRY, ESQ.

SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

Prefects.

House Captains.

E. L. Gibbons		Head of School
N. H. Williams	Butterfield	Capt. of Football
T. M. Adams	Darrell	
F. G. Lines	Saltus	
W. R. Kempe		
O. H. Darrell	Watlington	
H. C. E. Masters		
S. B. Atwood		

The holiday of a Schoolmaster, or at any rate so I find, is quite different from that of most men. Perhaps because the time set aside for holidays is longer than most or because our work is, after all particularly fascinating, we do not seem able or anxious to get away from Schools when we have the chance.

This Summer in England I divided my time between visiting Schools and interviewing and selecting staff for the S. G. S. The interviews were many and the correspondence long and arduous, but I think that all will agree that the result has been extremely satisfactory. In Mr. Rogers, Mr. Frewen and Mr. Goolden I feel that we have additions to the Saltus "team" who have already proved their worth and that the choice we made has been amply vindicated.

I visited many well-known Preparatory Schools, Public Schools including Christ's Hospital, Canford, Eastbourne College and Rossall; and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge where I was well entertained by genial and unpretentious dignitaries.

At Eastbourne College I found Glyn Gilbert (C. S.) who has made a good position for himself in the School and carried off a History Prize. At Rossall, where I spent the night, I had breakfast with Mac Paschal, Bill Hallett, and other Old Boys. An account of their doings will be found under the Old Boys Notes in this issue. Paschal and Hallett look like making athletes of high standing; both are already representing their School in various sports and hold responsible positions.

All in all I breakfasted, lunched and dined with Bermudians and motored with them too—and when it was all over I was very glad to return to Bermuda and take up again my work in the School amongst those in whom my interest really lies.

R. E. E. B.

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School Notes.

We have heard from Mr. Profit at Harvard, where he is working hard, but not so hard that he cannot find time for sport also.

Mr. Linton has written from England to say that he is very fit after his adventurous yacht trip. He still shows a very keen interest in the affairs of Saltus Grammar School.

Mr. Robin Tucker has joined the staff this term to take charge of the music in the school. There has already been an improvement in the singing, and we confidently hope that it will continue to improve.

We congratulate Mr. Richardson on obtaining his B.Sc. in Economics at London University.

T. D. P. Trott this year won the Junior Tennis Championship, and the Berger Cup, a very good performance for which we congratulate him.

We should like to thank Mr. Cyril Clemens for his gift of Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn to the school library.

This term marks a new epoch in the history of the S. G. S., as a Boarding School has been started. We believe that the boarders have thoroughly enjoyed their first term, quite apart from the practical advantages to be derived from supervised homework and extra tuition.

On June the 19th the Parents Association arranged a dance at the school under the patronage of the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. A. G. Grantham, and Mrs. Grantham. It was well attended and was voted a great success by all concerned.

On Thursday, November 5th, the members of the Cult A heard an organ recital given by Mr. Robin Tucker. Tea was provided first in the Headmasters house by Mrs. Booker, and the society then adjourned to the Pembroke Parish Church. Mr. Tucker played a selection from the works of eighteenth and nineteenth century composers which was much appreciated by all who heard it.

"Our thanks are due to Mr. Edmund Gibbons for another gift to the School. Mr. Gibbons, who has one son still at the S. G. S., and whose elder son, after a successful career here, is doing well at Ridley College, is well-known as one of our benefactors. We owe to him the concrete practice pitch which has proved invaluable, and now he has added to his previous kindness by giving us some concrete slots for Soccer goal-posts and net-ball posts. We are sure that they will be appreciated by everyone."

MATCH RESULTS.

School Matches.

Oct. 23rd.	1st.	XI.	v.	The Staff	Home	Lost	1-4
Nov. 10th.	1st.	XI.	v.	The Monarch Boys	...	Home	Won	10-2	
Nov. 13th.	1st.	XI.	v.	Dockyard School	Home	Lost	1-2	
Nov. 19th.	1st.	XI.	v.	The S. G. S. Old Boys	Home	Lost	0-5		
Nov. 2nd.	2nd	XI.	v.	Whitney Institute	Away	Lost	1-3	

House Matches.

Oct. 20th.	Darrell beat Watlington	4-3
Oct. 27th.	Butterfield beat Saltus	2-0
Nov. 3rd.	Butterfield beat Watlington	5-0
Nov. 9th.	Darrell beat Saltus	9-2
Nov. 16th.	Darrell and Butterfield drew	1-1
Nov. 17th.	Watlington beat Saltus	2-0

Old Boys News.

This term we have news from both continents of the success of old boys of the S. G. S.

First of all our congratulations are due to B. Marriott for winning a Rhodes Scholarship.

From Rossall we hear from W. C. H. Hallett, who has obtained his first XV colours, and from L. Vorley, who still shows a keen interest in the affairs of the S. G. S.

I. S. Outerbridge has been doing well at Andover Academy and has been chosen to play in the Junior Varsity Soccer XI.

K. K. Brown has won a \$1,000 scholarship at Avon Farm School, Conn., U. S. A.

John Watlington has won the Ridley College senior cross country run over a seven miles course. He is carrying on a family tradition, as his elder brother won this race in 1934 and 1935.

G. C. A. Gilbert has won the Thornton Junior History Prize at Eastbourne College, and has gained his Junior Cricket XI colours.

Ewing Tucker writes from Sherborne to say that he is getting on well and enjoying himself.

Inspection by H. E. The Governor.

On Monday, the 19th of October, the school was honoured by the visit of His Excellency the Governor of Bermuda. On his arrival His Excellency inspected a Guard of Honour, composed of Cadets, Scouts and Cubs, drawn up on two sides of the parade-ground. He proceeded from there to the Headmaster's house and met the Trustees of the school, while the boys and masters returned to the form-rooms and went on with the regular work. Later His Excellency came round the school and inspected the forms individually. He displayed a real interest in the work, and enquired particularly of a number of boys

whether they had come to any decision about their future occupation.

This was followed by a General Assembly in Hall. The ceremony opened with the entry of His Excellency, which was immediately followed by the singing of "God save the King." Addressing the boys, His Excellency said that he wished to remind them that they were members of the British Empire. Here, in one of the outposts of that Empire, it was easy to forget the importance of that fact, and the responsibility which it entailed. Wherever a Briton went, he should feel that he had a reputation, not only to be proud of, but to maintain. This could only be achieved if boys left school determined to do their best to work for the Empire, and carry on the tradition. In Bermuda, where so many people came for a holiday with the sole intention of enjoying themselves, it was easy to forget how serious a business life was, but in the changing world it was essential to remember this, if one was to do one's work properly. Especially were conditions changing here, and the time was coming when Bermudians would have to leave their native home and go abroad. Whether they went abroad or stayed at home, they could only succeed in life if they were well educated, and it was up to every boy to persuade his parents to keep him at school as long as possible, so that he might be fitted to take his place in the world. The great men of the past had all become great because they had kept before them from boyhood the aim of doing great things with their lives. Every boy should feel, as much now as in the past, that it was his duty to the Empire to fit himself for his place in the world.

The Headmaster then thanked His Excellency, and the school song was sung. Finally, the Captain of the School called for three cheers for His Excellency, the Governor, and, when these had been given with enthusiasm, the Assembly dispersed.

The proceedings for the day closed with a display of physical training, which was watched with great interest by the Governor.

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Lecture.

On Monday, September 28th, we had the privilege of hearing a lecture on the celebrated American humorist, Mark Twain, delivered by his kinsman and biographer, Mr. Cyril Clemens. Mr. Clemens reviewed the life of the celebrated humorist in a series of anecdotes that appealed to us greatly. "Sam", we were told, had left us some account of his own life in his book, "Tom Sawyer", although at times, as the original of "Becky Thatcher"

had herself admitted to Mr. Cyril Clemens, he "certainly stretched things a little." If we are to trust our authorities, Mark Twain enjoyed a boyhood that many of us might envy to-day; he did so many of the things that he should not have done and "got away with them." He played "hooky" from school and, when his father tried to catch him, he just dodged round the trunk of a large tree, and escaped punishment. Like all the boys of his age, his great ambition was to be a pilot on one of the Mississippi paddle steamers. Incidentally, it was from the cry of the leadsmen on these boats calling out the depth of the water that he adopted the nom-de-plume by which he is now universally known. On one occasion he ran away from home and stowed away on one of these boats in what he thought was a nice out-of-the-way place, only to find, when it was too late, that he had chosen the Captain's cabin. The Captain put him off the ship twenty miles from home down-stream and left him to walk back.

Mark Twain's humour was as much appreciated in England as in America. He was once asked by a friend why he carried such a disgracefully dilapidated umbrella, and replied, "This is the only sort of umbrella that you English will not steal." He went on, "It does not matter where you are; if it begins to rain, just run out and take an umbrella from the first person that you see. He will not know that it is not yours."

Part of the pleasure derived from reading Mark Twain came from the fact that he was a man of such wide experience. In addition to travelling in Europe, he had in his youth tried his hand at prospecting for gold. His failure to make a fortune at this business in no way discouraged him; it merely elicited the remark that "A mine is nothing but a hole in the ground with a fool at the end of it."

Mr. Cyril Clemens concluded a very interesting lecture by recommending us, if we had not already done so, to read some of Mark Twain's books, especially "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer", and at the same time presented a copy of these books to the school library, a gift for which we are sincerely grateful.

Swimming.

During the past two years interest in swimming in Bermuda has increased considerably. This has undoubtedly been occasioned by the efforts of that excellent coach, Mr. J. W. Brooks, coupled with the sending of the first Bermuda Olympic swimming team to Berlin during the past summer.

The younger generation shared in this interest, and due to the geniality and endeavours of Mr. Brooks, the progress made by the boys of Saltus was exceptionally good.

On September 25th the second Annual Inter-House Competition took place, the events were altered slightly from those of our first meet in order to conform more closely to the B. S. S. A. events, but in almost all events that were comparable to those of last year, the progress in the standard of performance was most noticeable. Darrell House was the winner of this contest.

The second Annual Inter-School Competition was held soon afterwards, and the school did well, capturing two group competitions, and also the Banner for the greatest number of points in the boys' events.

An innovation this season in the Saltus swimming programme was the pentathlon competition, which aims at developing all-round swimmers. This competition consists of five compulsory events, a standard performance being set for each event, the standard varying according to the age group of the competitor. Marks are awarded for the competitor's performance in each event, the one with the highest total in each age group winning a shield. The trophies for this competition were kindly presented by the Old Boys' Association; Mr. Jack King and Mr. Brooks were responsible for the arrangement and execution of the contest.

It is hoped that Mr. Brooks will return to Bermuda again next summer, for, there is no doubt that, under his guidance further progress will be made.

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Sport.

The past cricket season was one of the most successful that Saltus has had for a good many years. The 1st. XI were specially strong, the bowling and fielding being of the usual standard, while the batting was exceptionally good.

The great event of the season was O. B. day, when the 1st. and 2nd. XI's played matches against teams of Old Boys. Both games were won by the Old Boys, but the 1st. XI made them play exceptionally well and the 2nd XI appeared to have a great deal of fun.

The Colts did not actually play any matches during this season, but they obtained some very useful practice in the nets. The 2nd Division played two matches, of which they won one and lost the other.

The House Competition was again run on the knock-out system and was again won by Butterfield House. No other

House has ever won the Cricket Cup and Butterfield are beginning to think that they own it.

With the beginning of this term, the Football season opened and the prospects of a good season appear to be quite promising. Three old colours remain from last year's 1st. XI, including the Captain, N. H. Williams, who, no doubt, has profited greatly from last year's experience.

Matches have already been arranged for the 1st. and 2nd. XI's, 2nd. Division and Colts, and it is expected that we shall have some excellent games.

Cadets.

There seems to be a certain amount of doubt as to what are the objects of Cadet training. Although the training in the School corps is primarily physical, it can be said to be both mental and moral also. Perhaps its aim can be summed up in the word "co-ordination" which has a double significance—co-ordination between mind and body, and co-ordination between one individual and another to make a completely unified whole. No one can deny that these principles are good; they help to fit a boy for every day life as well as for a national emergency when the safety of his home and country is at stake.

But that's all very serious. The fact that we are staid on ceremonial occasions does not prevent us from having some splendid laughs when we are standing "easy". We are like so many marble blocks when His Excellency comes to inspect us; we are still as statuesque (but hewn out of a somewhat warmer substance) in front of the Cenotaph on Armistice day. But we are positive tigers as we launch an attack on some corner of the field, inoffensive as it might be.

It is very satisfactory to find that they can enter into the spirit of the thing so well once they get started. They do like the sound of their own voices though, and therein lies their greatest failing. It may be mere exuberance, but it must find different expression. As they come on to parade, I wish they would remember the words of that rather charming hymn—"Peace, be still."

The Sea Scouts and Wolf Cubs.

Soon after the beginning of the term a select body of the Scouts, as part of the guard of honour, had the privilege of being inspected by His Excellency the Governor, when he paid

a visit to the School. The turn-out generally was very smart and we hope that we created a good impression.

The departure of Mr. Profit for America has been a severe blow to the Troop. We owe a great deal to his experience and energy and it is impossible to fill his place adequately. The most that we can do is to unite all our efforts in the endeavour to maintain the high position that he bequeathed to us.

At the time of writing there are a number of schemes on foot, or perhaps one should say afloat, for increasing the interest and efficiency of our work as Sea Scouts. For some months now we have been hoping to obtain a Naval Whaler. A variety of reasons has delayed the fulfilment of this hope, but there is a real chance that we shall not have to wait much longer. Recently, too, another possibility has arisen. The suggestion was made that we should try to buy one of the lifeboats of the "Cristobal Colon", the Spanish ship that was wrecked here in October. On inquiry it was found that this might well be possible, but that of necessity some delay was inevitable, as we should have to wait until the underwriters disposed of the ship and its effects. There is also a plan being considered to buy an old hulk and fit it up as Troop Headquarters, instead of meeting in the school. It should be possible then for the patrols to take it in turns to spend a week-end on board, thus adding variety to our activities and giving an opportunity for practice to those who wish to get a badge for cooking.

Whether this scheme materialises or not, I am hoping that it will be possible in the spring to arrange week-end camps for those who can attend, either on our own or in collaboration with one of the other Sea Scout troops in the Island. That, after all, is the sort of activity that Sea Scouts should aim at, rather than indoor meetings once a week on dry land.

We have a few recruits this term, and they are displaying the proper spirit and enthusiasm in working to pass their tests. Crawford, indeed, has already passed his tenderfoot test within a week or two of joining the Troop. Finally, it is worth mentioning that the value of the Scout tests and Badges was strikingly shown in a recent football match, when one of our opponents sprained his wrist badly, and Adams had him properly bandaged and comfortable within a few minutes.

The strength of the Wolf Cub Pack has been fully maintained this term, and it has even been necessary to make Sixes more elastic to accommodate recruits. Sixers Floyd and Burland 3 have left, and their places filled by Outerbridge 2 and Trott 2.

A new system of points for Attendance, Test Passing, Tidiness, etc. has been instituted and is working with good results.

The Cubs were inspected by H. E. the Governor of Bermuda on 19th October and he remarked on the good turn-out of the Cub Pack. This praise comes from a keen supporter of the Scout Movement and is therefore not unearned.

The Pack is the "Junior School" for the Saltus Scout Troop. Meetings are held for the purpose of making it easier for Cubs to become efficient Scouts eventually—by passing elementary tests, by learning to be smart, useful, and orderly, and knowing the first principles of the movement—the Law and the Promise.

The Debating Society.

By J. H. K.

Debating activities have been renewed during the current Term, and up to the date of going to Press three meetings have been held:—

The following Officers were elected for the Christmas term, 1936.

Sept. 18. General Meeting and Election of Officers.

PRESIDENT : Mr. J. H. Kerry
SECRETARY : T. M. Adams
COMMITTEE: F. G. Lines, W. R. Kempe,
L. Gibbons, and
T. M. Adams (ex-officio)

Oct. 22. Debate on the Motion, "That the World of To-day attaches too much importance to the Colour of a Man's Shirt."

Proposer: T. M. Adams *Opposer:* F. G. Lines

Third: W. R. Kempe *Fourth:* H. G. E. Masters

The Motion was carried.

Nov. 12. Debate with Whitney Institute on the Motion, "That Competitive Examinations should be abolished."

Proposer: F. G. Lines *Opposer:* R. Outerbridge
(Whitney)

Third: R. Lowe *Fourth:* W. B. Kempe
(Whitney)

F. G. LINES (S. G. S.), proposing, suggested that competitive examination gave rise to excessive rivalry among the competitors; yet there was a danger that the best boy might fail

owing to an unlucky combination of questions or circumstances. The extreme importance attached in some quarters to the result of a competitive examination might lead to overwork and anxiety detrimental to a competitor's health, or even a breakdown.

R. OUTERBRIDGE (Whitney), opposing, agreed that competitive examination did not necessarily provide the surest or fairest method of discrimination, but could a better system be suggested? Even the Intelligence Test would not eliminate competition, which was essential throughout life; for instance, it was competition among store-keepers which brought down prices. If a standard of knowledge were substituted, the number of successful candidates might far exceed the number of vacancies. Selection by personal interview was already used in conjunction with some important examinations.

R. LOWE (Whitney), supporting the motion, claimed that competitive examinations were apt to induce an inferiority complex in the unsuccessful, while not necessarily producing the best, for the best boy might be temporarily unnerved. As to competition in business, it should be realised that it had been largely superseded by amalgamation. Already, in some of the most important examinations it was personality which counted most.

W. R. KEMPE (S. G. S.), opposing, said that it was necessary for the last speaker in debate to sum up, and likewise a summing-up was necessary at the end of Term by means of the competitive examination. In that final test there was no chance of fraud, and the boy who had worked consistently well and fairly during the Term then came to the top. Competitive examinations stimulated effort; the alternative might be favouritism.

THERE ALSO SPOKE: Mr. J. H. Kerry, Mr. F. B. Rogers, L. Gibbons, Mr. R. E. E. Booker, Mr. G. J. Butland, T. M. Adams, and H. W. Murphie.

The Motion was defeated by 24 votes to 18, some abstaining.

Is Lamb Too Egotistical?

Lamb may have suffered from egoism but he certainly was never too egotistical. In "The Sea Voyage" he tells of a voyage taken by a small girl of five years and uses the first person. But this is not egotism; it is merely egoism. Lamb here uses the first person in order to captivate the interest of the reader, and perhaps also to puzzle the reader, who knows very little of Lamb's earliest years.

In the essays that Lamb wrote for the London Magazine he often used the first person, but he always signed himself "Elia", thus hiding his identity from the majority of the readers of this magazine. This alone proves that Lamb had no desire to exalt himself in his writings, and that therefore he was by no means egotistical.

In many of Lamb's essays and also some of his letters can be found quotations from other essayists and poets. Lamb uses these quotations when he cannot express his thought nearly as well as can the poet or essayist quoted. An egotist, given to writing, would never admit that anyone else in the world could express thoughts as well as he. A good example of such a quotation as described occurs in his essay "Mackery End, in Hertfordshire." Lamb is speaking of an old country house, Mackery End, which he had visited as a child and which he is now revisiting with his cousin, Bridget Elia. When he at last sees it after so many years, he says, "O how unlike it was to that which I had conjured up so many times instead of it." He then inserts a verse taken from Wordsworth's "Yarrow Visited";

"But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation."

A critic of Lamb might, indeed, raise the objection that in one of his essays he includes a quotation from his own works, but he probably did this rather from humour than from egotism.

In "Old China" Lamb cannot be accused of being too egotistical, for in his essay he reveals the humble nature of his position in life. In answer to anyone who says that Lamb is too egotistical I suggest that he read some of his poems, for in these he makes no mention of himself either directly or indirectly.

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A Shipwreck

The following is an account found on the newly discovered island, Tasmian, by the celebrated mariner, John Tasmian, when he landed there in the year 1760 A.D.

On the fifth of May, being a bright and sunny day, the good ship Cristobal left harbour in the endeavour to discover a new route around the continent of Africa. After five weeks of sailing, the watch then on duty sighted land, the Cape of Good

Hope. They landed there gladly and took on board supplies of water and of food, and commenced to go their way. After four more weeks of sailing the worshipful captain perceived that they were off their track, and he proceeded to turn back, but most unfortunately a right strong gale sprang up and the good ship was left at the mercy of the winds.

Now the gale grew stronger steadily, until at last the captain had ordered all the sails to be taken in with the exception of the upper top-gallants. The gale continued to increase, until a hurricane was blowing; the sailors were right frightened and a panic arose on board. After two days of this storm, great tumult was noted directly to the east, and from the watch came the cry of, "Breakers ahead." Much panic ensued thereupon, and the screams of the women and of the crew raised such din that the deck shivered. The ship was drifting steadily towards the breakers, when with a crash she hit a rock. The crew screamed still more, and amidst great panic all rushed for the longboat. But, as suddenly as they started, all as suddenly stopped. For the impact of the ship upon the rock had caused a great disturbance of her fabric, and, amidst the shouting, the crew had failed to hear the cracking of the mainmast, until suddenly it fell directly on the longboat, thereby splitting it to pieces, with a few of the crew narrowly missing death.

Such was the tumult aboard, when all the ropes and rigging fell as was never heard. The ship was rapidly sinking, and the waves all round were grey and presented a frightful picture as though laughing at their faces and mocking them. The waves still continued to beat upon the ship constraining it to fall apart, and with a loud crack another mast fell on the unfortunate crew, injuring and killing several. At last the vessel fell in pieces, and all the crew, grasping bits of wood, manfully swam for the shore.

The only ones to succeed in reaching the shore were the captain and the cook, who there took upon themselves to write this script, in case any individual should haply land on the island and find it, thereby disclosing the mystery of the lost ship Cristobal.

H. P. MALLOY.

Murder on Christmas Eve.

It was Christmas Eve on Sheriff Congan's ranch. All was bustle and excitement, for that night the Sheriff was holding a great banquet for his friends, the Rostons from the neighbouring ranch. "Higley, Cowley and Bossen", the Sheriff shouted

to three cowboys, "go and meet the Rostons and show them the way here." The three cowboys dashed off through the snow on their horses.

About half an hour later, the Sheriff could dimly make out a party of horsemen approaching. The party consisted of the cowboys the Sheriff had sent and Jack Roston the owner of the Hotspur ranch and his family. Suddenly, when they were about a hundred yards away, a knife whizzed through the air and buried itself in Jack Roston's heart. He fell dead. The Sheriff seeing Roston fall, leapt on his horse and galloped up. "What in Sam Hill has happened?" he ejaculated. Cowley explained. "I think the knife came from that direction", he added, pointing. "Then come on" cried the Sheriff "Pick up that torch which Roston was carrying, one of you", he added Bossen seized the blazing torch and the four galloped away.

They had ridden about four miles when they saw something ahead that looked like a terrific fire. "Is it a forest fire, Chief?" asked Higley. "No", replied the Sheriff, "The rogue has set the bridge across Shelton Gully on fire. We'll have to jump it." The cowboys gasped in amazement. Shelton Gully was a deep gully sixty miles long and fifty yards wide. "But chief", began Rossen. "We'll have to jump it", repeated the Sheriff, "and we're going to jump it, if all the United States Army tries to stop us. The little party was now about ten yards away from Shelton Gully. Even the Sheriff began to feel nervous. Then a distant hail, which brought back all his courage, reached his ears. "You're wasting time, Sheriff. You can't catch me." "It's Mike Ruff, the man who always escaped me!" cried the Sheriff. The cowboys forgot their fear. They tensed—and their horses jumped to land safely. The murderer, who thought that the Sheriff would give up when he saw the burning bridge, leapt on his horse and tried to escape. But his horse was tired and in a few minutes the Sheriff's party caught up. "Crack! Crack!" The murderer was determined not to be caught easily. But the fates were against him. His horse was killed and he was taken prisoner.

As soon as the Sheriff and his prisoner arrived, the foreman of the ranch came and spoke to him. "Well, it's a good thing you've caught Mike Ruff. We shan't have any more stolen cattle now. Oh, by the way, Roston isn't dead. Just wounded in the left shoulder. "Thank goodness for that," said the Sheriff.

B. TOVEY.

My Escape.

I went to Spain about the month of November, 1935, to take some photos of different things in Madrid. One day, when I was taking a photo of a warship, I happened to glance out of the corner of my eye, and saw some Spanish soldiers coming towards me. Suddenly they all rushed upon me and captured me. They tied my hands behind my back and marched me off to prison on suspicion of my being a spy. When they had put me in a cell, they all marched off, feeling very pleased with themselves for capturing one whom they thought to be a spy, to tell the captain of the guard.

While all this was happening, I was gradually, getting a loose bar away from the socket in the little square window. At last I had it out, and, just as I started to crawl out, I heard the tramp of about five men coming to see me, so I grabbed the iron bar which I had taken out and fitted it in again so that no one would notice it. Just as I had finished, a big fat man came in and said something that sounded like, "Chamcohtein et htoinghorah tghaurze", and something else that sounded worse.

At last the big fat man went out and everybody else went with him, so that I had another chance of escape, and I took it too. I took the iron bar out and climbed through the window, and, as it was night time with hardly anyone in the streets, I escaped quite easily. I made for the docks where my warship was (or rather the warship in which I was cruising), ran aboard her and told the captain that I had been captured by some Spaniards who suspected me of spying. The captain told me not to worry.

The next morning, when I woke up, it was broad daylight and the sound of gunfire came to my ears. I put on my clothes and rushed up on deck, where I was met by an officer who told me that they were being attacked by a Spanish warship, and that we were winning so far. At last a deafening roar was heard, and one of our 18" guns went off, and the other warship, with a lurch, went to the bottom in the sight of her own country. Seizing our chance, we put on full speed for Bermuda, and after two weeks and three days arrived at our destination.

H. P. WATLINGTON.

My Island.

My Island is about five miles away from shore. It has a lovely beach on the south side, and it is rocky on the east and west sides; my house is on the north side. I have a motor boat in which I go to town and back once a day. The Island is in the shape of a fish-hook, so that, right in front of the house, I have a harbour, in which I keep my boat. I have built a boat-house, and I put the boat there on stormy nights, although there are beautiful cedar trees all round the Island which protect it from the wind. I have a lovely view of town and boats often pass near the Island.

I usually get up in the morning about six o'clock and go to my beach for a swim. Then I get my breakfast. After breakfast I go down to the harbour, get my boat and go to town, which takes about ten to fifteen minutes. I get the groceries, and pick up a friend or two, and then come home. We put on our bathing suits and go down to the beach.

One day, after spending the morning like that, in the afternoon we went exploring on the island. We started towards the east, went through some tall cedar trees for about ten minutes, and then came to some prickly thicket. We managed to get through this with a few scratches, but all was well, and we went on. Reaching the top of a hill, we saw a ship in distress. At first we thought that we would get my motor boat and see what was the trouble, but then we saw a big tender going to help. We went down a big slope on the other side of the hill, and when we reached the bottom, we sat down and talked for a while, watching the ship as it was towed to shore.

By this time it was getting on for five o'clock, so we started back. When we arrived we got in the motor-boat, and I took my friends home. Then I came back and I put the boat up for the night.

PENISTON JONES.

The Women.

Women set strange barricades
Against the cannon's thunder,
Muffles at the window
To keep out death and plunder,

Pools of homely lamplight
To circle loved ones in,
Four walls for peace and safety—
But oh! the walls are thin.

Close on the other side of them
The tinder piles up high;
Bullets start their clattering,
Shadows fill the sky.

They could be stopped. But a woman,
Like a savage mumbling charms,
Says, "Let us hope", and gathers
Her sons into her arms.

HERMAN ADDERLEY.

—o—

The Sinking Ship.

The ship is going under,
As the water in doth seep,
The ship is going under,
Down deep, deep, deep.

The ship is going under,
The men are all affright.
Oh, look at them! Oh, look at them!
In their fearful plight.

And some are diving overboard,
Yet not prepared to meet,
The dangers that do dwell therein—
The shark might want to eat.

Now listen to their horrid screams,
Beyond all human thought.
They cry for help, they cry for help,
But oh! they cry for naught.

The ship is almost under,
As the water in doth seep,
Look, as it caves beneath the waves,
Down deep, deep, deep!

The White Birch Log.

O human-looking thing, I cannot bear
To watch the flames about you there!
It makes me think of Joan of Arc
To hear the sighs go through your bark,
As light and smoke and heat consume
Beauty not meant to warm a room.
Let walnut, hickory and oak
Turn into heat and light and smoke,
But never let the fairy tree
Again be burned, witchlike, for me.

HERMAN ADDERLEY.

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